

# THE GLOBE-REPUBLICAN.

The FORD CO. GLOBE, Established 1877. Consolidated, 1896.  
The FORD CO. REPUBLICAN, " 1896.

DODGE CITY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DEC. 24, 1896.

TWENTY-FIRST YEAR, VOL. XX, NO. 11.

## GRAPHIC PEN PICTURES OF EARLY TIMES.

### REMINISCENCES OF THE SIXTIES.

BY R. M. WRIGHT.

(Continued.)

Late one night the Quartermaster, Lieutenant Bassett and his chief clerk, rode into our camp and told us that the Indians were killing everybody over in the Smoky Hill country. They had traveled all night and laid by during the day, as they were unable to get an escort, all the troops being out in the field after the savages. They left for Fort Dodge early the next morning, warning us to take the utmost precautions against surprise and attack.

After the departure of Lieutenant Bassett and his clerk, Jim Redding and I started for a load of wood. We had to go about four miles down the creek for it, but still in plain view of our camp. Suddenly we saw a dozen bucks each with a led horse, raise over the top of a hill. The creek was between us and we knew it was extremely boggy; it could only be crossed at certain places; if those were missed, it would mire a saddle blanket. I said to Jim: "What shall we do? There are some of the brave lads who have been murdering the women and children over on the other road; shall we try to make it back to camp, or shall we go right ahead and pretend that we don't see them, and don't care for them if we do?" He replied: "Yes, we'll take our chances and go ahead. I hate to run and have the boys laugh at us." "Here's with you," I answered.

We had only our revolvers with us and here they came, lickety-brindle. I thought, "my laddy bucks, you are 'tender-feet,' or young ones, or you wouldn't come tearing down the hill that way. You don't know that creek like your fore-fathers, and if you keep on at that gait, if you don't tumble into a mire pit up to your neck never to get out again, then you may call me a horse thief. Then Jim Redding and I will go down and chop off your heads just even up to where the mire strikes you, as did Jack, the giant killer."

They had left their led horses back on the hill with two guards, so they were free to ride at will. But when they arrived at the creek, they stopped short with a little jerk up, and I think one or two of them, those in the lead, got a taste and the others had to pull them out. Now they began to slowly and carefully hunt a crossing which was difficult to find. Then they tried other tactics; they rode along and commenced yelling and gesticulating; motioning for us to stop, but our eyesight was not very good in that direction, and then we lost them altogether.

I said: "Jim, those fellows have given us up, or else they have tumbled into one of those mire-holes, and we'll have a h—ll of a time chopping their heads off when we go back." Jim answered: "No, them air fellows was born on the prairie, and is as true to instinct as a buzzard is to scent carrion. They're sure to find a crossing, and will be down on us in a holy minute, like a hawk on a chicken, and we're bound to have fun."

You see I was beginning to feel very ticklish myself; scared nearly to death, but didn't want to let on for fear that Jim would get scared too. I knew that I must try and keep my courage up by keeping up his, and I said to him: "Jim, maybe they are only youngsters and don't know how to shoot; they appear to be anyway, the way they charged the creek." Jim replied: "Youngsters be d—d; them's the worst kind." Said I: "Jim, perhaps they only want to pay us a friendly visit, and want us to go to camp with them and help eat their grub; what do you think?" Jim answered: "Mor'n likely they will take us into camp, but I'm d—d if I won't be at the taking." This was just what I wanted; Jim's mettle had "ris" and I knew he was ready to fight a stack of bob-tailed wild cats.

As the savages reappeared, I turned to Jim and said: "Here they come." "I knowed it," he replied, don't waste any ammunition; we've got twelve loads apiece, and there's only eight of them." Four of their number had remained in the rear to guard the led horses, and the eight had not only delayed to find a crossing, but had trimmed themselves up besides to be ready for any emergency.

Four of them now dashed ahead, two to the right of us, and two to the left, making a detour wide enough to keep out of range of our pistols, which they could plainly see in our hands. Then the first four came up, meeting us, while the others closed up behind. We kept right on, however, until finally they surrounded us, and we were obliged to stop. They held their six-shooters in front of them, but we had a decided advantage of them, for we were in a deep, thick, heavy wagon-box.

They wanted to know where the main big camp of Indians was. We told them that they had been camped at the Cimarron crossing, but the soldiers had got after them and they had gone south.

Then we pointed to our tents, we had five of them, and they made quite a respectable figure at that distance, and told them it was a soldiers camp. They evidently did not believe us, for they went over to the camp, bound the cook securely, whom they found asleep; why they did not kill him is a mystery, cut open every valise, and took several revolvers from our "tender-feet," who had left them in their grips, instead of strapping them on their persons. They carried off all the ammunition they could find, all the horses, mules, ropes, and everything they could lay hands on that pleased their fancy. Mr. Anthony and the remainder of our men were quarrying rock up in the bluffs, and had their rifles with them.

These young bucks were certainly of those who had been concerned in the murders on the other road, for we noticed dried blood on their hands and clothing, and as there was not any antelope or buffalo in the country then, it could not have been the blood of game in which they were ensanguined. They had evidently strayed from the main band and were very anxious to find them, or get back south across the Arkansas river, where they were better acquainted with the country. They were a little out of their regular beat where they now found themselves, and that fact undoubtedly deterred them from committing further acts of devilry.

Many times in my early days at Fort Dodge, have I picked up little bunches of cattle wandering on the Plains aimlessly, that had been run off by the Indians, as well as horses and mules, and turned them over to some poor Mexican train from which they had been stampeded. Once I found a buggy all mashed to pieces in the timbered breaks of Duck Creek but we never could discover who its unfortunate occupants had been. They had been killed and dumped out no doubt, miles from where the vehicle was wrecked. One day I found one of the most beautiful horses I ever saw, with a fine saddle still on his back. The saddle was completely saturated with blood.

The fall before Fort Dodge was established, on the bluffs where you first get a sight of the Arkansas, on the "Dry Route" from Fort Larned, a little Mexican train of ten or twelve wagons, loaded with corn, groceries and other goods, also containing many sacks of flour together with a feather bed, or rather beds, camped one day to get dinner. Soon after they had corralled, a large band of Indians rode up with their customary "how how, heap hungry," and wanted some "chuck-a-way." After gorging themselves, and had sat around the small fire of buffalo chips smoking, they rose, shook hands all around, mounted their ponies, and as they arrived at the rear of the corral, suddenly turned and killed every one of the Mexicans excepting the day herder who had started off in advance to his animals that were quietly grazing in the grassy bottom. The moment he heard the firing, he lit out mightily lively for Fort Lyon closely followed by the red devils, but he managed to escape; the only one left to tell the horrid tale.

We camped with the mail en route, several times that winter and fed our mules on the corn, and ourselves ate of the canned goods that was scattered all over the trail. It was certainly a curious spectacle, that could be seen from quite a distance, where the savages had cut open the feather beds, scattered their contents around, which had caught in the weeds and grass of the prairie. They had also emptied many of the sacks of flour to get the material for breech-clouts. In nearly the same spot, and in the vicinity, have I many times helped bury the mutilated and scalped remains of men who had been ruthlessly murdered there by the Indians.

On the bottom immediately opposite, is where Colonel Thompson's horses, of his troop of the Seventh Cavalry, were run off by the Indians. One of the herders on duty jumped into the river and was killed; the other unfortunately or fortunately, was chased by the savages right into the parade ground of the Fort; before the last Indian leaving him, grabbing at his bridle-rein in his determined effort to get the soldier's horse. The persistent savage had fired all his arrows at the trooper, and the latter, when taken to the hospital had two or three of the cruel shafts stuck in his back, from the effect of which wounds he died in a few hours.

Of course it was not always fight and run, and run and fight; we had our fun too. One day a stage driver, Frank Harris, and myself started out after buffalo. They were very scarce for a wonder, and we very hungry for fresh meat. The day was fine and we rode a long way, expecting sooner or later to rouse up a bunch. Late in the afternoon we gave it up and started for home. Of course we did not care to save our ammunition, so we shot it away at everything

in sight; skunks, rattle snakes, prairie dogs and so on, until we had only a few cartridges left. Suddenly up jumped an old bull that had been lying down in one of those sugar-loaf shaped sand hills, with the top hollowed out by the action of the wind. Harris emptied his revolver into him, and so did I, but the old fellow stood sullenly still on top of his sand hill, bleeding profusely at the nose, but persistently refusing to die, although he would repeatedly stagger and nearly topple over. It was getting late and we couldn't wait on him, so Harris said: "I will dismount, creep up behind him and cut his hamstring with my butcher knife," the bull by this time having laid down. Harris commenced his forward movement, but it seemed to infuse new life into the old fellow; he jumped to his feet, and with his head down, away he went around the outside of the top of his sand hill. It was a perfect circus ring, and Harris, who had gotten him by the tail never let go his hold of the bull's tail; he did not dare; it was his only show. Harris was a tall, lank fellow, and his legs were flying faster than his head, as around and around he and the bull went. I could not help him in the least, but had to sit and hold his horse, and judge of the fight. I really thought that the old bull would never weaken. Harris said to me after it was all over, that the only thing he feared was that he would pull the bull's tail out by the roots, and if he did, he knew he was a goner. Finally the ring performance began to grow slowly and slower, and Harris at last succeeded in cutting his hamstrings, when down went the bull. We brought in his tongue, hump and a hind quarter, and at a glorious feast that night had a big laugh with the boys over Harris' comical adventure.

(To be Continued.)

The Republicans gained two million votes in the late election. The combined opposition lost 400,000.

Snow Flake Cream will cure your chapped hands, and keep the skin soft and white. Try a bottle—25 cents. Prepared and sold only at, W. F. FINE'S (City Drug Store.)

The volume of business in the United States for past week shows an increase of nearly ten per cent. over the corresponding week last year and 9 per cent. over the corresponding week in 1893.

It is reported that the American nail trust has gone to pieces because it proved too expensive to buy up all of the outside manufacturers. A big reduction in the price of wire nails is predicted.

Compound Balsam of Wild Cherry will cure your cough. Perfectly harmless, 25 and 50 cent bottles. Prepared and sold only at, W. F. FINE'S (City Drug Store.)

The foreign demand for American apples is this year a great one. Shipments to November 14 were:

This year, barrels	1,538,827
Last year, "	332,972
Increase	1,205,855

Western Kansas may be a disgrace to Eastern Kansas, and even our esteemed friend, the Wichita Eagle, would like to restore the Western part of the State to the domain of the buffaloes and the jack rabbit, and the Texas cow.

A mare owned by John Robinson, a farmer living near Warrensburg, Missouri, lately dropped five male colts. Two year ago the same mare gave birth to three colts at the same time, all of which are still living.

There is a Populist in North Topeka who believes that the United States will never elect another President. He is dead in earnest in his opinion. He doesn't say so, but we surmise that he is of the belief that Mark Hanna will be crowned king on March 4, 1901, if not sooner.—Breeze.

Idaho is the fourth state to grant full woman suffrage. Its vote last month was Bryan 23,192, McKinley 6334, and Bryan's plurality of 16,858 would have been more than doubled by woman suffrage. That was the effect in Colorado and Utah, where the Bryan pluralities respectively were 138,540 and 53,592.

In the Milwaukee Home the other morning, Dr. Chrysler prescribed a plaster for an old vet at sick call, and gave him a card-board check to get it with at the dispensary. The next morning he told the doctor that the plaster did him no good, as the "damned plaster won't stick." Upon inquiry he found that the man had been holding the check to his side all night.

CASTORIA

## COLLOQUIAL.

### Interviews on Different Subjects.

A. J. ANTHONY. The publication of Mr. Wright's reminiscences reminds me of my experience in carrying the United States mail during the eventful periods in the sixties. The Indians never bothered the mails but once in my recollection. They had a superstitious belief that "The Great Father" controlled the operations of the mails and we pursued our way over the plains unmolested. The Indians captured the United States mail about the year 1865, at a point not far distant from Dodge City; and the letters they would tear open and pass around to each other as they sat at the camp fire. They were much amused over the illustrated papers and enjoyed the pictures amazingly. It was amusing to hear an Indian laugh. There was a sort of hollow mockery in the laugh; and I doubt if an Indian in his wild state enjoyed the humor of laughter. Things were just funny to them. The Indians had a dread of the soldiers, and the fear of the blue coats perhaps had much to do in their respect for "The Great Father." It must be understood that the Indians were troublesome only at periods, and a treaty was made with them along in 1867; and after this period they did not annoy us very much, but their greed for fine horse flesh was never appeased.

J. M. BYRNES. Spiritualism is a science, though there are frauds attending the manifestation of this occult mystery. I attended a seance in Dodge City, some weeks ago, and was astounded at the materialization of human forms of whom I knew well in the living. By what means these materialized spirits were presented to our astonished gaze is one of those things I am unable to comprehend or explain. The form of Rev. Sheldon appeared to us, and made a courteous and polite bow, and said in an audible whisper, "I am Rev. Sheldon." The form remained but a few seconds and disappeared as suddenly as it came. I am not a believer in spiritualism in the strict sense, but I want information on the subject. How this can be obtained is the problem with me. I shall pursue the subject in the hope that light may dawn and truth and reason prevail.

J. N. POPE. I notice that a meeting has been called at Fort Smith, to consider the improvement of the Arkansas river. Delegates have been chosen from the cities on the upper Arkansas, but owing to the long and continued low stage of the Arkansas I don't see how we can be benefited by any legislation. I am of the opinion that the next congress will be called upon to take on an appropriation item for the improvement of the Arkansas; but like most harbor and river appropriations it would be a "graft" on the public crib. We do not want the upper Arkansas improved for navigation purposes; and the "canal" scheme proposed is inexpedient. Let the Arkansas enjoy its sand bars, its tortuous train, its murky water, and nature pursue its course.

M. W. SUTTON. It is said that lightning does not strike twice in the same place, and this aphorism has passed into tradition. I cannot recount to you the number of times lightning has struck some favored spot on Gospel Ridge; but the Presbyterian church at one time was the victim of the lightning's havoc; and these strange freaks of heaven's electricity have played disaster more than once in the vicinity of my residence. One would suppose that the hill of churches and eminent respectability would be free from God's wrath as thundered in the atmospheric discharge of energy, but the just as well as the unjust are made to fear the Divine law. Winter's lightning is not uncommon, and this apparent freak of nature is a sign of a hard winter.

R. W. EVANS. The isms occupy the minds of a large portion of the people of the intelligent world. The meaning of ism is broad and is applied to every set or process. It is a theory, doctrine or idiom. Out of all these isms some good must come. If we did not evolve some new ideas the human race would retrograde. I am somewhat a believer in theosophy, and consider the theory as a fine art, though of its inner workings I am not much familiar. There are certain living principles in man that lead to this belief. If there is truth in immortality, why cannot the immortal spirit become reincarnated—again possess the body of the living man? Where do all these immortal spirits dwell? "Spiritualism" pretends to locate them and hold them in sweet converse; but as they do not occupy much space, and the heavens of the grand-universe are limitless they are perhaps not confined in their celestial abodes. Did you ever consider the law of compensation? If you will observe the course of nature you will find that extinction depends on nourishment. The dew falls to the ground and an

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

## Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

again dispersed in the air. The leaves of trees fall to the ground and nourish the earth and give substance back again to the tree. The waters ebb and flow; and replenishment is the order and not the exception. If this is true in the material sense it is true in the spiritual sense. Nature has but one law. It does not resort to the diplomatic cowardice of man—it has no compromises.

W. H. CHAPMAN. Order is God's first law. The prophet Isaiah said unto the sick Hezekiah, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." Life is only a preparation, and I am not going to give you a sermon; but what Isaiah applied to Hezekiah's preparation for the hereafter is good sense to apply to the course in life. I cannot work at my bench unless my tools are in order; the school boy or girl cannot make proficiency in study unless he has order and arrangement and system. And order means as much more besides proper arrangement. Neatness, politeness, cleanliness, energy, and industry come under the prophet's direction; and while we are preparing for life we are preparing also for death. If we are allotted the same place in the hereafter that we occupy in this world, it seems to me we had better make the best possible showing in this mundane corner. I don't want to set in a dark place when the angel Gabriel is tooting his horn and calling the boys to come and partake; but I want to have a front seat, and set at the first table.

W. H. STRICKLER. The "public conscience" has received a severe shock; but these strange freaks of the "public conscience" is not due to a National moral weakness. Like the Cuban trocha of the Spanish general—the barrier is more of an imaginary line, than a fortified one—and the insurgents are jumping over it and back again. Prize fighting was not admitted in any state last year, and the "public conscience" followed this brutal pugilism, like a blood hound in search of a fleeting fugitive. But over in the cosmopolitan city of San Francisco, the prize fighters were unmolested. California is not much troubled with "public conscience," especially when the vices are considered. Gambling has little restraint, and a prize fighter is only a part of the game of gambling. New York City also tolerates prize fighting. When the prize fighters were pursued last year, and not permitted to engage in their brutality in certain states, there was an emulated exhibition of "public conscience," and it was in a spirit of rivalry. The "moral shock" of a prize fight in New York or San Francisco rebounds.

B. F. MARTIN. Modesty is not confined to the latest civilization. Though many things occur now a days, and human nature is constantly standing in reproach, we have not progressed much in the sense of shyness since the days of Noah. Noah got drunk on some new wine he had made from the grapes of the first vineyard he had planted on the subsidence of the deluge. There must have been much fusil oil in the wine, for Noah got wretchedly boozed, and showed his nakedness while lying drunk in his tent. Ham, the darkest of the three sons, who survived the flood, discovered the old man snoozing away in his tent en deshabille, and in his snores making the air redolent with the fumes of the new wine, produced from the enriched soil. Ham, was perhaps modest, or else he would not have directed his two brothers to the father's nakedness. Shem and Japheth showed as much modesty as is exhibited these days. They "took a garment and laid it upon both their shoulders, and went backward, and covered the nakedness of their father; and their faces were backward, and they saw not their father's nakedness." But the old man put the curse of servitude on Ham, and he and his descendants have been "servants of servants" until this day. Noah probably put the curse on Ham because his ebony colored son had done told on him. In this respect human nature has not changed—because human nature will "get even."

### Holiday Rates.

Low rates for round trip on THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE during the holidays. Ask any ticket agent of the C., R. I. & P. R'y for rates and other particulars in reference to these round trip tickets.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., CHICAGO.

The Philadelphia Ledger says John Bull is gradually finding out that free trade is like a boil—the only way to be comfortable with it is to let some other fellow have it.

Money is very plentiful in the financial centers and borrowers are wanted. Money could be borrowed on call in New York on Wednesday at 1½ to 2 per cent per annum. Commercial time paper could be floated as 3½ to 5 per cent. The disbursements for interest on January 1st will amount to over \$200,000,000 in this country. All of this will have to be reinvested.

Just as Bishop Hartzell, who is going to Africa in the interest of the missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, stepped on board the steamer New York on Wednesday, this letter from President Cleveland, addressed "To whom it may concern" was handed to him:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.

Dec. 8, 1896. I learn that Bishop Joseph C. Hartzell is about to leave the United States and enter upon the discharge of his official duties in Africa. His high personal character is so abundantly established, and his labors in behalf of the colored race have been so important that I take pleasure in commending him to all who may be interested in Christian work in the continent of Africa. G. CLEVELAND.

The above is from a New York paper, Bishop Hartzell is a brother of Mrs. John Rapp of Dodge City.

The total vote of Kansas was 26 per cent of the total population of the state. The total vote of the United States was 13,300,000. As there are about 72 million people in the United States, the total vote amounted to 18 per cent of the population. This was the largest vote ever polled in the country. No doubt on examination of the returns would show that Kansas cast more votes in proportion to population than any other state in the Union.—Capital.

The Scientific American gives this receipt which the whole world should know: At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat make the room close, then take a tin cup and pour into it an equal quantity of tar and turpentine, then hold the cup over the fire so as to fill the room with fumes. The patient on inhaling the fumes will cough out the membranous matter and diphtheria will pass off. The fumes of the tar and turpentine loosen the throat and thus afford the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians.—Meade Globe.

## THE LEGISLATURE.

It Will Only Cost a Cent a Calendar Day to Keep Fully Informed of All Its Doings.

The approaching legislative session will be a lively and interesting one. The Topeka Daily State Journal will publish full, fair and readable reports—maintaining the paper's wide reputation for fairness and the publication of the news.

The legislative reports will be but one of the many features of the State Journal, which gives the Associated Press telegraphic, state, local, railroad and general happenings, including much news which never appears in any other Kansas newspaper.

A new state administration always furnishes incidents and facts which all are anxious to read about.

Ninety cents sent now to the State Journal, Topeka, or paid to one of its authorized traveling agents, will secure the daily edition, if sent by mail, for three months, i. e. ninety days for ninety cents. This will cover the entire legislative session, and about thirty days besides, partly before and partly after the legislature.

Wherever the Journal has a carrier system the daily will be delivered for ten cents a week.

The State Journal is an eight page daily newspaper and has the most complete and best equipped plant, machinery and building in the state.